**I asked the dying man who could no longer see**

I asked the dying man who could no longer see. “Now what is colour like?”

“Why Orange is as burning and stinging as an injecting wasp sting” he said;

“Glimmering coins dropping into the cash register”, “yes, that is gold;

“Oh and yes, black smells as burning as ash falling from the burning house” said he;

“As well as pink tastes like that old cotton candy from the fair”

“And that unforgettable blue, that is the rush of the ocean”;

“Red feels like that frightening pain”

“as well as purple, oh that sounds like my favourite colour”.

By Cameron M